

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

236

LET'S GO AROUND DENHAM

DICK GORDON Presents STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO STUDIOS

30 DEC 1943

MANY HAPPY RETURNS To A.B. JOHN QUINN

THIS is a birthday drink to you from Mum and Dad at the Teams Social Club, Benham Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

They are both pulling a pint, and Tom Larkin, the secretary, is standing at the bar. When the "Good Morning"



photographer called it was just in time for your birthday. The family are all looking forward to your wedding in the New Year.

Grandfather and Grandmother Quinn wanted to thank you very much for your golden wedding card they received on their anniversary, Wednesday, December 8th, the day that your chum, John Stanger, was married to Miss Cunningham, of the A.T.S.

Mum took a bottle of Scotch and a cake to the golden wedding celebrations, so you can tell that it went off well.

Mum and Dad both wish you "Many happy returns," and Mum added, "I cannot say enough; there is too much to say."

But the last word came from Dad: "We know you like a pint, John, and look forward to you joining us." Good Hunting!



WHY ARE YOU WHITE?

WHAT decides the colour of a man's skin? The actual colouring agent is a pigment, the exact chemical constitution of which has never been fully determined.

It is found in the epidermis or "top layer" of the skin, really above the skin proper, so that differences of colour between man and man are not even "skin deep." The exact depth of the colouring matter varies with the thickness of the skin from place to place. The skin may be as little as 0.5 mm. thick on the eye-lids, and 4 mm. or more on the hands and soles of the feet.

We all have a certain amount of this pigmentation (except, perhaps, albinos). Why—do negroes and other "coloured men" have a deeper pigmentation?

It is a matter of speculation, but probably through living for tens of thousands of years in the tropics, where the sun is stronger, they have developed this protection against it. For the pigment absorbs light and prevents it reaching deeper layers of tissue, which might be damaged.

White men turn brown in the sun; the "tanning" which has become so fashionable is really due to the development of this protective colouring matter.

THE COLOUR LINE.

The difference between the white man and the negro is that the former loses his tan

once he is cut off from the sunlight. Yet the colour of the negro is not distributed equally all over his body. It "shades off" at certain points, notably the soles of the feet. Further, the colour does not reach its fullest development until some time after birth.

The true skin or dermis of white and coloured man alike is white, the only colour being yellow in certain elastic fibres. The colouring matter is above this, in the case of the negro in the fourth layer of the epidermis.

The old saying that we are all alike under the skin is therefore scientifically true, and you do not even have to penetrate the whole skin to demonstrate it!

The theory that colour developed as a protection against the sun would suggest that the hotter the country, the darker will be the skin of the inhabitants. But now the depth of colour does not depend upon geography.

The skin of negroes differs not only in colour, but also in texture. Experts have stated that, in relation to hair, the white man is closer to the higher apes than the negro.

Although the chemical which gives colour to skins has not been made artificially, a substance with the long name of di-oxyphenyl-alanine has much the same effect as pigment.

Skin brought into contact with it turns brown on being exposed to sunlight. Fishes and amphibians have

pigment cells in the dermis as well as the epidermis, and in some cases the cells are under the control of the animal, so that, through its nervous system, it can change its colour according to its background.

The ability of the chameleon to change its colour has been vastly exaggerated by stories, but it does produce certain changes, some of them in direct response to its own "will," some as an automatic or reflex action resulting from changed conditions. The pigment cells are movable.

The "natural" colour of the chameleon is a greyish-green, with pale brown patches at the side. If it becomes frightened it turns a pale colour and produces yellow spots; if angry, it turns darker. In cold it turns grey, in heat it goes green, but if the heat is accompanied by sunlight it goes almost black. The variations and combinations are obviously numerous.

The knowledge that "tanned" people are generally healthier has resulted in scientists trying to find a connection between the colour of the skin and resistance to disease infection. But the only satisfactory discovery has been that the tendency to colour is inborn.

Amongst "white" people it varies greatly from individual to individual, and the pale babies of negroes colour rapidly even when exposed to sunlight that would hardly affect a white baby.

Incidentally, the weight of the pigment in the entire skin is a matter of a fraction of an ounce, even for the darkest man.

I WALKED into Denham Film Studios and thought I was in a hospital. There is a maze of passages that would lead a stranger round and round and get him back where he started. For those with permission to visit departments there is no need to get lost; like the London Underground stations, the studio has its own self-guide system.

Instead of following the red or orange light, they pick one of the lines painted on the walls and follow it to the restaurant, the operating offices, or the rehearsal rooms.

There is a peculiar and invigorating smell that is not unlike etherised hospitals, and on the doors are names that are known to millions of film fans throughout the world.

Mad people with beards and fantastic costumes and women dressed like men come out of doors and rush off to the various stages; these are the directors, film executives, script writers, continuity girls, recorders, and people who are housed in offices and not dressing-rooms.

There is seldom seen any grease paint or wigs in this part of the colony; the only make-believe is on the part of the off-stage actors, who imagine they look, or are, more efficient if their hair is shaggy, their clothes tattered or gaudy, and their faces unshaved or half-covered by eye shades or dark glasses.

Some of the English people have adopted mongrel American dialects, others swear a lot because swearing is fashionable, like chewing gum.

But make no mistake! These men and women may be pseudo-Bohemian and fantastic to outsiders, but they are one hundred per cent. efficient.

They are the cream of the film industry in this country. "In Which We Serve," "A Yank at Oxford," "Colonel Blimp," "The Elephant Boy," and many other celluloid epics have come out of the minds and through the hands of these highly paid, hard-worked picture people.

"THIS HAPPY BREED."

BEHIND the main buildings is another continent. It is a hive of industry comprised of the various sets for the half-dozen films that are in production at the same time.

At the far end of the patch John Mills and Kay Walsh are making "This Happy Breed." There is a fun fair scene, and the stars have to ride in a tub in the water through the caves. John Mills knows that water well. He spent many hours in it during the raft scenes of "In Which We Serve."

I found Mills sitting in the shade—he doesn't like the sun—and his stand-in was squatting in the boat while the lights, which were on floating rafts, were arranged and the cameras were focused.

Around the edge of the pool were a score of young and pretty men and women. They told me they were bored because as extras they had been sitting around for days awaiting the call. When they do get called they know they are in for a gruelling time. They will be herded here and there and shouted at until they are set just right for the cameras.

It's a tough and necessary job these people have chosen. They get about thirty shillings a day for their labours. When a film is finished they are out of work, unless they are lucky enough to sign up again.

In some sets dummy extras are used. They are plaster models of the heads of shoulders of men and women, and are useful in large crowd scenes.

CARDBOARD CITIES.

BETWEEN the "Happy" location and the indoor stages are workshops and store sheds. Along the concrete roads are workshops and store sheds. Labour Ministry buildings, Post Offices, cinemas and houses. They are wood and plaster fronts that have been used or will be used in forthcoming productions. These properties are usually put up in sections and stored after use. If the director asks for a W. H. Smith's bookshop, a country inn, a West End store, or a London Transport bus, or a taxi, it will be delivered in a few minutes from the comprehensive stores.

The workshops are the power-house of ingenuity. From one Bren gun carrier I saw a squadron of wooden full-scale models being made. The tracks and every detail were correct.

The carriers are for David Niven's next film, "The Way Ahead," which tells the story of the average man being changed into a fighting machine.

CASTLE OF CANVAS.

IN another shed a castle was being erected. It was a picturesque affair from the front. It was difficult to believe it was just a wooden frame. This was for "Henry V," a Two Cities Anatole de Grunwald production, in which Laurence Olivier stars. You may remember that the entire cast of this film went to Ireland to shoot some outdoor scenes. I was told that most of the cast were violently ill because they ate so much cream and rich food during their stay.

STARS AND "STOOGES."

ON another stage the final scenes of another Two Cities film, "English Without Tears," were being shot.

The scene was a ballroom, and the most colourful array I have seen.

There were a hundred men and women in the uniforms of Allied nations. Some of them were actually members of the Forces; mostly, though, they were actors.

The previous week a company of Royal Marines had been at the studios. Apart from the considerable saving of time in training civilians to march, thousands of clothing coupons were saved.

Standing around in groups were the extras and stars and advisers. Behind a mass of lights and cameras a squad of technicians worked frantically. In the roof more men hopped about like monkeys on battens to change the lights to suit the cameras.

The stand-ins, people who stand in front of the cameras during the hours of preparation and focusing, were dressed partly in the costume of the stars. Elizabeth Barry, stand-in for Lili Palmer, was wearing an A.T.S. tunic over a summer dress. Opposite her was Eric Palmer, another substitute, in the uniform of the U.S. Army.

Around the room, mixed with the extras, were Penelope Dudley Ward, Margaret Rutherford, Lili Palmer, Peggy Cummins, who is also currently appearing in "Junior Miss" at the Saville Theatre, Albert Lieven, who is also playing in "Lisbon Story," and other stars. They all wore "Mickey Mouse" shoes. These are padded shoes they wear until they actually go in front of the cameras; they don't mark the floor, and are silent.

The ballroom floor is papered. To change the setting to a bathroom, warehouse, or a living-room, the floor is simply re-papered accordingly.

DISILLUSIONED . . . ?

WHEN I left the studio I wondered if I would enjoy seeing films again. I wondered whether the millions of cinema-goers who would shortly see the films I had seen in the making would be disillusioned if they knew that in every foot of film were eleven inches of imitation. I think not, though I think the sincerity and technique and sheer hard work of the stars, the production staffs, and all concerned, more than balance the faked furniture.

After all, their aim is to entertain you. They do that!

Send "Good Morning" your News and Ideas

A double set



"Look after yourself, or—"

QUIZ

for today

BAILEY said, "I've copped it all right. I'm going to die." "I'm going to die," Bailey repeated. "I want to tell you something."

"Yes, Bailey."

"You look after yourself, sir, or he'll have you the same as he got me."

Who?

"Ernie Cummings, the bastard!"

"But why?" Merrow asked.

"Cos he thinks I've told you something. About him and his guv'nor. What I see that night."

"What did you see that night, Bailey?" Merrow asked slowly.

"I ain't going to say nawthin'," he said sullenly. "I don't know nawthin'. All I says is, you look out, guv'nor, or he'll have you, too."

He closed his eyes and seemed to lose consciousness. Merrow was frantic. A moment later the nurse came quietly over to the bed.

She placed a hand gently on Bailey's forehead and smoothed the bedclothes, motioning to Merrow to move away. Then she spoke softly to the ill man.

"Now, Bailey," she said, "your visitor will have to be going in a minute. It was very kind of him to come and see you. Now, what is all this nonsense you've been talking

about? Things you saw that night—I don't suppose you saw anything. You're just making it up."

Bailey opened his eyes and glared.

"That's a lie," he said. "I did, I see Ernie Cummings and old Baldock and the lady. But they didn't know I see 'em; they didn't see me."

"And then what happened?"

"I stay where I were. It were a lady talking. She say, 'This isn't the way I come, and old Baldock he say it's a short cut, which is a lie. Then quick as a knife I see old Baldock snatch her bag. She started to holler, and Ernie Cummings, he get up out of them whin bushes and clap his hand over her mouth.'"

Bailey stopped with an incoherent mumble.

"Go on, Bailey," the nurse said in a tense voice.

The man whined. "Tweren't to do with me, miss. I swear to God it weren't."

"Then tell me the truth."

Bailey answered slowly and with obvious reluctance:

"The lady—fell—in, miss. Baldock shoved her," he almost whispered.

Merrow exclaimed, "My God!"

The nurse silenced him. "Ssh, be quiet," she said. "You say Mr. Baldock pushed her in, Bailey?" she went on. But Bailey only murmured uneasily and seemed to fall asleep.

Hugh Merrow came back to the "Black Boy" alone that evening, and later Inspector Mace came for him.

Mace said, "I'm afraid he's slipped us."

"Not gone already?"

"Looks like it. House all in darkness."

"But you haven't left the house unwatched?"

"Oh no, sir. Two plain-clothes men came over ahead of us. Got there half an hour ago, and he seems to have gone then."

The phone rang. Gwen Darcy's voice came from the other end of the wire. She was excited and agitated.

"That you, Hugh?" she said. "Thank goodness I've got you at last; you've been engaged for simply hours. Hugh, listen. I'm speaking from the call-box at a place called Thorney. Baldock and Cummings are sitting in a car drawn up on some heathland about a mile and a half away."

Merrow said, "Hang on a second," and turned to Mace, who took the phone.

"I know the place," he said at length. "Now, you'd better

THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR

By Richard Keverne—Part XIX

do this." He gave her swift instructions. "We'll be with you very soon. Hang on and do what I told you. Good-bye."

"Where is this place Thorney?" Merrow asked as they set off.

"Near the mouth of the Woden," Mace said.

"Do you think they're going to join up with Charlton in his yacht?"

"That's exactly what I do think, Mr. Merrow, and what's worrying me is shall we get there in time? How are the tides to-day, Windham?"

"High there about two," Windham said tersely. "Plenty of water for their job now."

"There would be," Mace said with a sour laugh. "Hope Mann connects with Miss Darcy quick."

approached them. Mace flung open the door and Merrow heard Gwen's voice. He was out of the car in an instant.

Gwen said excitedly, "They were still there ten minutes ago. I took the policeman Mr. Mace sent down. He's waiting there."

They went cautiously down the rough, grass-grown track that Mace had called Ferry Lane.

A few yards along a torch flashed for a second on the ground ahead.

Gwen said, "That's the policeman. I'll go and tell him you're here." She went stealthily forward.

Merrow heard a whispered conversation, then Gwen returned.

"You're to come on quietly," she said.

Mace was alone when they reached him. He had sent Mann on to the old ferry hard, the landing place at the end of the lane. The four of them, Gwen and Merrow, Windham and Mace, stood in the shelter of thick gorse bushes while Mace talked softly.

His idea was to take Baldock and Cummings at once. The fog would be pretty sure to delay Charlton's boat, and he hoped to surprise the two men in the car without any trouble. He finished his instructions and they moved off, Gwen leading, four dim figures creeping noiselessly through the mist on the short turf that fringed the roadway. In a couple of minutes Gwen stopped. When they drew up with her she pointed to the left.

"Can you see it?" she whispered.

Merrow could just discern a dark smudge not far ahead.

Mace said very softly, "All right. Give us two or three minutes, then carry on." He and Windham dropped to their knees and melted into the mist-veiled landscape to take up position, one by each door of the car.

Faintly from the river the regular chug of a boat's engine came to their ears.

"I must get off," he said, and touched her hand for a moment.

The steady pulse of the boat's motor grew more distinct as Merrow made his way through heather and bracken. He was working so that he might approach Baldock's car as if from the old ferry hardway. The going was difficult, and he dared not hurry for fear of being heard. And the unexpected coming of the boat complicated matters.

Merrow decided to act quickly. He made for the road and turned back, and came openly along it, shining a torch. Mace had lent him without attempt at concealment.

He came abreast of the car, stopped for a moment, switched off his light and went towards it. He saw a door of the car

open and Baldock called softly: "Hullo, there. Can you tell me where we are. I want to get to Wilborough."

Mace answered.

Merrow heard him say sternly, "Edgar Baldock and Ernest Cummings, I am a police officer."

Then Windham's voice broke in.

"Look out sir!" he yelled, and Merrow heard the whine of the self-starter.

He was almost up to the car then. He saw Mace make a jump for the open door. Baldock hurled him away and slammed it. Then he saw the other door open and Windham start to spring in. Then there was a sharp crack and a flash of flame. Someone had fired. Windham fell back with a cry of pain.

The second door slammed to. The car began to move. It swung crazily around, its headlights now full on. Instinctively Merrow made a wild jump for the running-board, missed his footing and was dragged some yards over the rough ground.

As he scrambled to his feet he saw the car turn towards the village. Then for a few ghastly moments its lights fell upon Gwen, standing in the road. The car went straight for her. She had no chance. He heard her scream. The headlights flashed out and he stumbled towards her in the darkness.

He found her, a limp, inert mass by the roadside, with blood already staining her face and sleeve. And as he knelt over her, his torch shining on her pale face, fearfully calling her name, from far up the lane there came the scream of brakes, a voice yelling frantically, a crash—then an eerie silence.

(To be continued)

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey, Shorty! They must have mechanised 'em!"

"Mann?" Merrow queried. "Constable who covers that beat. Of course, he was out when I phoned, but his wife thought she could get hold of him. I sent orders for him to go and find Miss Darcy at the corner of Ferry Lane. That's the lane they've gone down. Lucky thing I know that country."

Mace made a brief stop at the police station there and collected a second man, a uniformed constable, Cook by name. A mile or so beyond Wilborough they turned from the main road and met the first patch of fog. Mace swore irritably as he checked the car's speed, but Windham said:

"It works both ways, sir; if it holds us up, it'll hold the boat up more."

The fog was patchy. It grew worse when they reached a stretch of open heath country. Mace pushed on as hard as he could go.

A couple of minutes later two blobs of light ahead proclaimed another car. Mace slowed and stopped.

Out of the fog a ghostly figure

WANGLING WORDS—191

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after POUS, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of ICE COLD WORK to make a well-known London suburb.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: COCK into HENS, WILD into FOWL, BULL into COWS, FIVE into TOES.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from PECULIARITY?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 190

1. ESplanadES.
2. KILMARNOCK.
3. START, STARE, SCARE, SCORE, SCOPE, SLOPE, SLOPS, STOPS.

MANY, M A N E, MACE, PACE, PUCE, PUCK, MUCK, MUCH.

SHARP, SHARE, CHARE, CHART, CHANT, SHANT, SHALT, SHALL, SHELL, SHELF, SHEAF, SHEAR, SHEER, STEER, STEEL.

BOOK, COOK, CORK, PORK, PARK, MARK.

4. Fist, Fast, Fain, Fact, Poet, Tape, Tape, Pate, Nape, Pane, Pain, Face, Fate, Cafe, Peat, Pent, Tent, Tote, Sane, Nose, Sent, Tens, Note, Tone, Puce, Tins, etc.

Stint, Paint, Saint, Taint, Facet, Pates, Tapes, Spate, Spain, Napes, Panes, Stain, Paten, Faint, Pacts, Pains, Topic, etc.

JANE



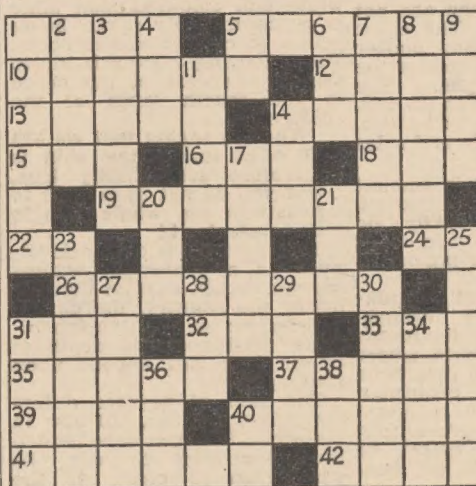
IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Arnold Bennett, the novelist, once said that "pavement" is the loveliest word in the English language. "Coal-cellar" appeals to the foreign ear. You may agree that "cinnabar" is a beautiful-sounding word, though it means only mercuric sulphide, the ore of mercury. What is your choice—for sound only?

The American flag contains 48 stars, one for each state of the Union, and 13 stripes, representing the original 13 seceding states. The coat of arms of the Washington family, which can be seen at Thrapston Church, Northants, has the design of stars and stripes.

Herr Schickelgruber, the elder, is said to have legally changed his name to Hitler before his son Adolf was born.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Scratch.
- Trumpeted.
- Allegiance.
- Decline.
- Dwelling place.
- Girl's name.
- Marshy land.
- Afflict.
- Drench.
- Horticulturist.
- Thus.
- What.
- Particulars.
- As well as.
- Tree.
- Number.
- Stormed.
- Be in store for.
- Article.
- Thinly scattered.
- Infer.
- Necessity.

CLUES DOWN.

- Banters.
- Part of ear.
- Surrounded by.
- Piece of stuffing.
- Exist.
- Shoemaker's tool.
- Increase.
- Again.
- Profound.
- Apparatus.
- Drink.
- Wastes time.
- Animal.
- Fruit.
- Much adored.
- Showed disapproval.
- Bordered.
- Writing block.
- Crack.
- Gaze fixedly.
- Parched.
- Sagacious.
- Bird.
- Colourless.
- Compass point.

FETCH REALM
VIRULENT U
VAGUE PILED
ODES TIDAL
CERTAIN SKI
A SCREW N
LAC CEDILLA
GAPED POOP
ROBIN PIVOT
I ENTWINES
PARTS EGRET

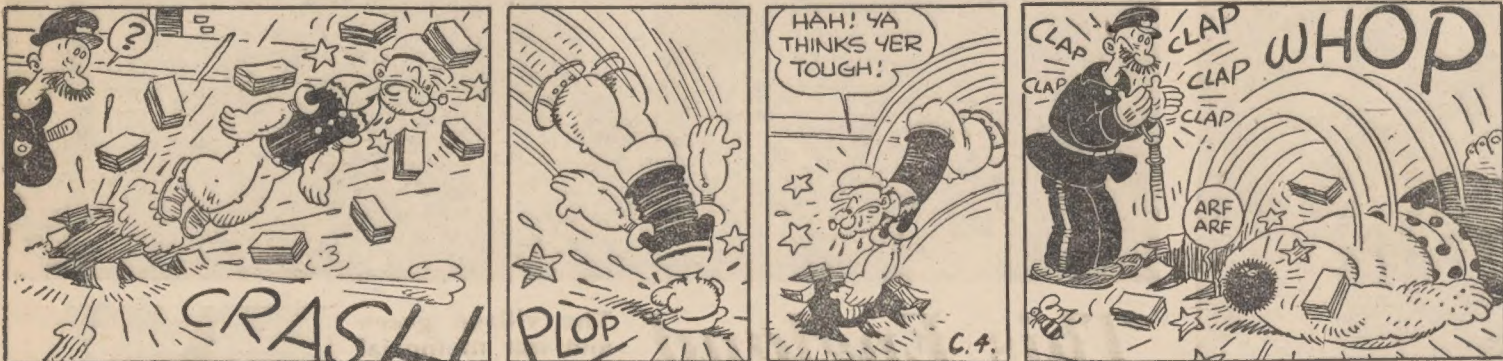
BEELZEBUB JONES



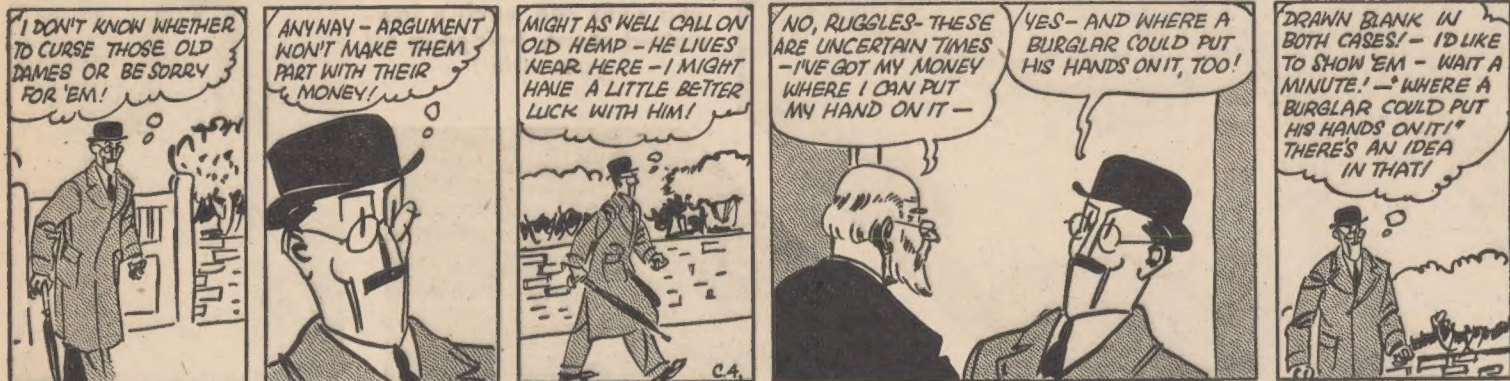
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 17

By JOHN ALLEN

BURNLEY

ALTHOUGH they are not to-day classed among the "great clubs" of League football in the light of their performances of recent seasons, Burnley are in reality entitled to this position.

When a complete history of football is written, many will be surprised to learn of the wonderful performances of the men from that town.

On the wall of the Burnley dressing-room is a brass plate, on which is inscribed the record, set up by the club, of playing thirty League matches without once suffering defeat. This was in the 1920-21 season, when the League Championship went to the team from Turf Moor.

The goalkeeper of that wonderful Burnley team was Jerry Dawson. A colourful personality, and a great goalkeeper, during his twenty-one years' service with the club--during which period he was awarded FOUR benefits!--Jerry Dawson saw over fifty other goalkeepers who coveted his position join the Burnley team. And Dawson never once was in danger of losing his position!

But the goalkeeper, who had always coveted a Cup medal, was fated never to win such an honour. He "kept" for Burnley during their successful fight in 1914, but when the Final, against Liverpool, was due to be played, Dawson was unfit.

So Ronnie Sewell, who afterwards went to Blackburn Rovers, took the position in Burnley's goal, and Burnley were successful. But there was no medal for Dawson!

Burnley's history goes back to about 1870, when a strong Rugby side flourished in the town. They called themselves Burnley Rovers. About 1882 they decided to become a Soccer club, the "Rovers" was dropped from their title, and Burnley commenced to climb the ladder of fame.

Two years later they had played, and beaten, two of the strongest teams in football--Preston North End and Blackburn Rovers. It was about this period, too, that Burnley, with Nelson F.C., startled everyone by announcing they were to play a match at night.

And they did. Flares were lit at set intervals about the playing pitch, the ball was painted white, and the first "floodlight" football match was played.

It would take hours to run through the complete list of famous players that have worn the Burnley colours, but I should say that the greatest were Jack Hill (the international pivot), Bob Kelly (famed England inside-forward), Tommy Boyle (their former skipper), and England's present centre-forward, Tommy Lawton, whom Burnley transferred to Everton in exchange for a large fee.

Tommy Boyle, whose play from the centre-half position was a joy to watch, had an uncanny habit of being able to head the ball accurately to his wing forwards.

But there was a great secret in this "uncanny habit." Often for hours on end he would go out on to the pitch, carrying five or six footballs, toss them one at a time into the air, and, as they came down, nod them in different directions. So good was Tommy Boyle at this that I've heard folk say he could play "football" without any feet!

Bob Kelly, who gained further fame with Huddersfield and Preston, was another player with outstanding gifts. During his career with Burnley, Kelly formed a very dangerous wing with Nesbitt. These two men had a wonderful understanding, and never a word was exchanged on the field.

Many marvelled at this understanding, but Nesbitt would not have heard Bob Kelly had he said anything. You see, he was stone deaf!

Burnley, who are not one of the richest clubs, are forced in most cases to find their own talent, and Tommy Lawton must go down as one of their greatest "finds."

I remember Lawton when he played in local schoolboy football. But, then, one could not easily forget a lad who scored 570 goals in three seasons.

On leaving school he went on to the Burnley staff as office boy, and gained the League side on his sixteenth birthday. Since then he has never looked back.

Send your Stories,
Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



"Of COURSE I can turn my head — the Boss has carved me so many times that he can almost do me from memory. He's made me world-famous, too. Thirteen countries have asked for OUR work already."



'SEASY

That is, of course, when you're as clever as Daria Luna. But Daria happens to be one of London's prettiest and most brilliant dancers — that's all.



This England

The village green and war memorial at Bourton-in-the-Water, Gloucester. Did you ever see such a low-walled stone bridge in all your life?



STEP ON IT, KID

"Oo-er! I wish I'd never come this way. I'm sure I'm going to fall, I feel dizzy already!"



Pride of Achievement.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lummy . . . it's gone to her head."

